



SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton, machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jessa Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the race during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They agree to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Stanton again visits Jessica, and they become fast friends.

CHAPTER X—(Continued).

"Jen and I do not tire of our friends," she rebuked. "But beyond that, how can any one tell what will happen? We can just live our best every day and wait to see further. Sometimes things get twisted wrong."

"What is the matter? What is twisted wrong, Miss Floyd?"

She shook her head, smiling across her shoulders at him.

"Nothing—nothing but me. Only I feel disgustingly gloomy tonight; as if Jess and I were very far apart. Never mind, I wish you all good luck and victory for the race."

"What was that song you were singing on the first day I came here?" he asked irreverently.

She hesitated, then struck a few chords upon the piano. "That?"

"Yes. Will you sing it to me, now?"

With her charming trick of prompt obedience, she at once seated herself at the instrument.

It was no ornate classical, no love-song, that the velvet and gold contralto voice braided into Stanton's memory, to be in the near future a torture more acute than physical pain and personal grief.

"Oh, in the still night
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

That was the quaint stiff melody of fifty years before, that Jessica Floyd sang to Stanton before they parted.

On reaching home, an hour later, Stanton found a letter awaiting him from the assistant manager, Green. It was dated from Long Island, and reminded him that the course would be open for the last day's practice next morning during the early hours.

"The car is at last ready, and if you see Jess Floyd, tell him that we can not get along without him any longer," ran the concluding sentence.

Stanton put down the letter, frowning at it in irritated astonishment. Had not Floyd gone to prepare for the race, with Green and by his direct order? How then could he, Stanton, know anything about his mechanic and why did not Green know everything? Possibly Floyd had been kept at the Mercury factory; but in that case Green would surely have sent there for him, instead of trusting to the faint chance of Stanton's encountering him. Of course Floyd must be ready to go out for the delayed practice work next morning—Stanton rose impatiently; of course he would be ready.

A thought like a needleprick halted him when half-way across the room, a wild fancy. Could it be conceived credible that Valerie Carlisle did wish to prevent the Mercury car from racing, and, failing to reach the driver, might attempt to keep away the mechanic she knew to be so valuable? He recalled his own strange illness on the eve of the Massachusetts race. On an impulse beyond restraint, he turned to his telephone; there would be some one to tell him of Floyd at the factory, for it was working night and day to fill its orders.

"Yes, 337 Frenchwood," the thin voice finally came along the wire. "Yes, Mercury. Mr. Stanton? Wait."

The instrument roared violently; he knew it was the din of the huge engines he heard across thirty miles of distance.

"Hello," another voice took up, through the drone. "Stanton? This is Mr. Bailey. What? Oh, why Floyd's gone on?" There was a blank clicking—"to Long Island tonight," was faintly resumed. "He'll be on his job when you need him. Stanton; go a bit easy on the poor kid. He isn't a machine."

Stanton exclaimed something ugly and hung up the receiver with a snap. Bailey was a fool, he mentally sneered, and Green was another, and he himself the third. As for Miss Carlisle, he had not seen or heard of her since the trip to Indiana. No more orchids and laurel. He smiled in sardonic relief and went to open a window to the pungent October air. To-morrow he would see Floyd at the course and begin the work which intoxicated him as it does all those who once acquire the fearless mastery of a car at high speeds and taste the strong excitement of the racing game. He drew a breath of anticipated exhilaration; this was the ground where he and Floyd stood closest in understanding and where Jessica could never come. But he wished that she had not looked so strangely grave and wistful that evening. It troubled him.

CHAPTER XI.

The Last Race.

"Say, Floyd, got a spare fire extinguisher in your camp?"

"I guess so," called a gay rippling voice across the gray dawn mist.

"Just throw it into the next pit, then; Jack's whistling again."

A tousled head appeared from the third in the row of repair pits.

"Let Floyd alone, he'd rather hear me whistle than you talk," feared the offender. "Besides, he's working. Is it true, Floyd, that you can make a worn-out taxicab motor run like a new foreign engine? Some one told me so."

"Why, yes, Jack; but I haven't any time to fix your car now," came the sweet reply. "Come drink the Mercury for me, one of you, I want to hear her run."

One of the laughing mechanics ran forward, but paused as a tall figure advanced from the shadow of the stand.

Floyd straightened up from bending over the unhooded motor, shining-eyed and vividly aglow in the raw, salt air that swept across the bare Long Island meadows.

"Stanton!" he gladly welcomed, and stripped off a rubber glove to give greeting; Floyd was glancingly careful of his hands and always protected them during work when possible.

"I just arrived here, by train," the other explained. "Do you want to take the car out?"

"When you're ready."

"I am ready now. Get some warm things on, it is going to be chilly until the sun is out."

It was not an emotional meeting, but both men were content. Stanton had felt the thrill of relief and pleasure upon seeing his mechanic which surprised him into recognition of how much uneasiness the incident of the night before had caused him.

"You will have to be kind to the tires," Floyd warned, as he complied with the directions. "We have only got one extra set here. The shipment for the race hasn't arrived yet."

"Why not?"

"Goodness knows. Mr. Green has telegraphed to the tire company. I suppose they will be along to-day, or to-morrow at the worst."

"I should hope so. Ready?"

"Just about. Oh, they all say that your trial for speeding in Pelham Parkway took place day before yesterday."

"It did."

Floyd stopped in the act of ascending to his seat.

"You didn't tell Jessica," he reproached.

"How do you know?" queried Stanton, astonished.

"I saw her late last night, on my way here. What did they do to you?"

"Fined me all the law allowed—which the Mercury Company paid—and suggested the wisdom of not doing it again. I didn't suppose Miss Floyd would be interested in police court details. Get in."

The morning's work had begun.

It was always a course race, the Cup event, and in many places the way lay over hastily prepared country roads. Here and there men were still at work, banking turns or smoothing the ground. On the second time around, the Mercury struck an edged stone and lost a tire with a sharp report. Stanton drew up by the roadside, and Floyd ran back to pitch the mischief-making rock into the fields.

"George and Palmer are out," he observed, returning. "They might come to grief on it too. Besides, we ourselves might hit it again. I like a track race."

"So do I. How many times left?"

"Three."

They worked rapidly, both for practice and from force of habit. The Duplex roared past at a leisurely gait, while they were busy, its driver waving a hand in sympathetic greeting. Floyd paused to wave a response, and presently the Mercury sped after its rival.

Before ten o'clock they had lost another tire.

"Those tires in yet?" demanded Stanton, when he again drew up before the repair pit.

The harassed assistant manager shook his head, exhibiting a sheaf of yellow telegrams.

"Not yet. The Ruby Company telegraphs that they shipped the express company telegraphs that they sent the carload on from Chicago two days ago and it must be here."

"The freight car must have been left in the New York yards, instead of being sent out here," deduced Stanton exasperatedly.

"New York says it isn't there."

"Perhaps they shipped the order to the Mercury factory by mistake," Floyd suggested.

Mr. Green looked at him in scorn.

"Of course I 'phoned there first of all. The chief says they are not there, either, and to telegraph all along the line until we trace the car."

"Have you done it?" Stanton inquired.

"I'm doing it now. I've got as far west as Utica and each freight yard denies having them."

"We'll go to lunch, Floyd. The answers will come in meanwhile."

There was a hotel nearby, which Mr. Green made his headquarters, and where Stanton and Floyd chose to stay. A good many of the other drivers and officials also remained for that night.

"I'd run into little old New York," the driver of the Atlanta car explained to Stanton, "only I'm afraid it

quipped to make the search for the To the hotel the answers continued missing car and report the result to Long Island.

After four o'clock, the roads were again open for practice until sunset. The Mercury went out for a couple of circuits, and lost another tire by skidding on a turn. After that the car stood before its camp—"Afraid of wearing out her last pair of shoes," Floyd informed scolding questioners. "Can't you buy them somewhere else?" chafed the irritated Stanton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Fairchild's Distinction.

Mrs. George W. Fairchild is among the best gowned women in the congressional set in Washington. One of her dinner gowns is a model on which the ceremonial robes of the summer will be built. It is a trained robe of heavy cream satin, with panels of blue chiffon extending back, front and on the sides from the low cut bodice and ending at the hem in tassels of crystal and cut steel beads. The diamond necklace which Mrs. Fairchild wears with many of her ceremonial gowns follows the prevailing style in resembling a delicate pattern of lace. It is about three inches in width and fits as snugly as a glove.

A Cruel Retort.

"I'm afraid of woman suffrage," said Little Binks. "My wife is a militant suffragette, but up to date I am Julius Caesar in my house."

"I guess you are, Binks, I guess you are," said Wiggles. "There ain't many deadlier ones than Julius Caesar in this world."—Harper's Weekly.

Lawyer for the Apaches.

One Paris lawyer has had his name struck off the rolls because it was discovered that he acted as the regular legal adviser to the "apache" fraternity, from which he drew \$6,000 annually in fees. One day he was en-

SOLON AVOIDS LONG SESSION

Representative Henry Desiring to End Meeting Tells Story That Stops Man's Long Speech.

Representative Henry, at a political meeting in Waco, desiring to draw a rather protracted session to a close, when a man rose and said pompously:

"I wish to offer a few remarks, and these I will subdivide into twelve heads."

But here Mr. Henry, his eyes twinkling, interrupted:

"Gentlemen," he said, "let me tell you a story. A man was lurching home very late the other evening, much the worse for a bachelor's supper or something of that sort. He came to a clock tower, and paused and looked up at the illuminated dial to see the time. As he did so, the clock began to strike. One—two—three—four—the inebriate listened, counting the strokes carefully, and when, at last, twelve sounded, he said, as he prepared to stagger on again:

"Durn you—hic—why couldn't you have said that all at once?"

Amid loud laughter Mr. Henry sat down, and the pompous man made a much shorter speech than he had intended.

HEAD A MASS OF PIMPLES

Hyattsville, Md.—"My little boy was taken with an itching on the scalp. There was an itchy place on his head about the size of a ten-cent piece, and the hair was falling from this place by the roots. In about ten days all over his head were these itchy spots which looked like ringworm, but were porous-like. The itching and burning made him scratch a great deal. His head had gotten so that it was just a mass of matted little pimples all heaped on each other, and when I took off his night-cap, the hair and flesh came off at the same time. I really thought he would lose his whole scalp. He couldn't sleep for five weeks. It would itch and burn until I thought he would go into convulsions."

"I used different soaps and salves to no satisfaction. Then I decided to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Finally I noticed he began to sleep all night. I used one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and he was entirely cured. He has a better growth of hair now than he had at first." (Signed) Mrs. Ida S. Johnson, Mar. 26, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston, Adv."

Venerable Nag.

When the smart drummer got off the train at Hickville his attention was attracted by an ancient cab between the shafts of which was propped the worst-looking nag he had ever seen. An old negro was dozing on the box.

"Hey!" yelled the drummer, "ain't you afraid your horse will shy at an auto and run away?"

"No, sah," replied the John. "Dis hawes is got sense. He don't shy at no automobiles. Why, he didn't even shy at railroad trains when dey fust come out."

Hidden.

"She has a beautiful complexion, hasn't she?"

"I don't know; I have never seen her without her make-up."

The mint is limited in its material for making money, but a trust can make money out of any old thing.



Floyd Paused to Wave a Response.

ain't healthy to go through Brooklyn so often."

To come all that afternoon, until Mr. Green and the office were swayed over by strips of yellow paper. The larger the city and the more crowded its freight yard, the longer the time re-

gaged to defend an apache in a suburban court.

His client was not satisfied with the lawyer's procedure in the case, and after a heated argument outside the court the client threw the lawyer into the River Marne.

Dress and Its Psychology

We Are Prone to Judge by External. Declares Harrison Fisher, the Famous Artist.

We are all of us prone to judge by externals, our early training in copy-book maxims notwithstanding, says Harrison Fisher in Dress.

Emeline may have a lovely disposition, but that cannot hide the fact that there are knots in her shoe strings, and though Beatrice sings like an angel, her gown fastens most untidily. Emeline's friends might be almost as sweet tempered as she is if her boots were not enough to make them cross. No less would the songs of Beatrice stir more hearts without the distractions of gaping hooks and unlacing buttons. Externals do count, however broad we may think our views to be.

It is a common observation that a man gets an impression of a thing as

a whole. If he notices any detail, it is apt to be a sign that something is wrong. Carelessness, however, in the dress of either man or woman, is usually betrayed by details.

Suppose that we ourselves have so far developed our minds and sensibilities that we form our opinions by what is, and not by what seems, are we not in constant embarrassment explaining our careless friends to others who are less condoning? It is a very human failing to wish our friends to appear well, a kind of vanity. If you like, in proving the excellence of our own taste. There is no law requiring us to placard our qualities to open view. How can our fellow mortals get any idea of us at the start of acquaintance except by the eye?

She Leads.

"How do they get along together as man and wife?"

"Oh, tandem."

You're Out!

If you have not perfect digestion, liver activity and bowel regularity. These should be daily functions in order to maintain health.

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will help you when those organs become weak and lazy. We urge a trial today. Insist on Hostetter's.

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